

An Intimate Sketch of the Life of The Herald and News (Continued from Page 1.)

her business men.

I have not been actively connected with The Herald and News for the past several years, but I have kept my connection with it as closely as I could. Mr. James L. Aull became more closely connected with it in later years, and was for a while its business manager. He is now running a linotype on the Columbia State.

Humbert Aull, now linotype operator on the Anderson Intelligencer, also learned the machine in the office and is an expert operator and machinist.

In a rambling article such as this it could hardly be attempted to trace with any degree of detail or accuracy the course of the paper. The field is so large that unless a history were written which would be tedious to the reader, one could but wander around, touching here and there, as memory might recall.

Political Course of the Paper.

When the Tillman movement began as the nineties were approaching, The Herald and News was lined up with what was then known as the "Conservative" or anti-Tillman faction. Written into its columns may be noted its sympathy with the cause of the great masses of the people, but it looked upon Tillman as too extreme—as a dangerous man to lead the political revolution which was bound to come, and which would have come with or without Tillman. It was the people's movement, and not Tillman's movement. Tillman seized the opportunity. He sensed the spirit of unrest, and he had the foresight and the ability to grasp and to cope with the situation. Later The Herald and News modified its views of him, in proportion as he himself "toned down," so to speak, and cheerfully recognized his character, his ability, and his qualities of leadership—in fact, became his supporter until the campaign of 1912, when his political course was not such as to commend itself to The Herald and News as fair and square dealing between man and man, or between a leader and his people. The paper believed then, and believes now, that his conduct would have been different had he been as strong and vigorous as he was before his physical affliction.

Later a son of Newberry led a movement which was very much on the order of the Tillman movement—a man who espoused the cause of the masses of the people. The Herald and News supported him, and during the campaign prior to his election as governor was the only newspaper in

South Carolina which did. This news paper has always supported the aspirations of the sons of Newberry when it could consistently do so, and now looks back with pride upon its course when it stood battling alone among all the newspapers of the State, harshly condemned by its brethren of the press, and fought at home, and sometimes ostracized by its home people, for taking the course which it felt to be just and right. Have you ever read Fox's beautiful story, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine?" I have sometimes compared in my mind The Herald and News in those days with the "lonesome pine" of that story, with the winds of animosity blowing about its head and the lightning bolts of anger falling about and striking its sides.

Some day an impartial writer, gifted with insight and knowledge of conditions, may write the political history of South Carolina during the past three decades, and if he does, he will draw a picture of a contest between masses on the one side who feel that they are oppressed, that the government is administered in the interest of the favored few rather than of the great body of the people who support and maintain it, and that their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is abridged; and on the other side those who somehow seem to feel that the right to govern belongs with them, who arrogate to themselves the privilege of deciding questions of policy and of right, and who are intolerant in their egotism. Without discussing the merits of the contentions of either side, the fact is that this condition exists. It was evident in the election and during the administration of Governor Blease; it was evident in the recent terrible tragedy in Charleston when the opposing elements clashed. The situation will work itself out in the untrammelled rule of the people as the cause of education progresses. And The Herald and News has stood for the cause of the people, for education, for law and for justice, fighting for the right as God gave it the light to see the right.

This, however, is a digression from the subject.

Memories of Other Days.

The history of the varied phases of life of The Herald and News will be written by others better qualified than I, and of more experience and longer connection with the paper. What I know from personal experience and observation is so recent as to be known to all but the very young readers of The Herald and News. I have attempted to give briefly only a few recollections, which it is hoped may

prove of a little interest to some.

Sad thoughts are conjured up by a review of the past, however short that past may be, or however limited in scope the review. With the exception of the editor, the only man connected with the paper now who was with it in the days when I was on the force is Mr. Hosea M. Barger—"Hosey" Barger, as we know him. His has been a long and faithful service, and never was there a man who was truer to the interests of his employers. When the bugle blast called the sons of the South to the colors of the Confederacy, he was setting type for the paper. He surrendered the "stick" for the musket, and his comrades, who on the battle-fields and in the trenches, and on the long and weary marches, and around the camp-fire, became the judges of real manhood, say that he measured up to every test, and was a loyal and fearless soldier. Since the war he has worked nearly the whole time for The Herald and News. He has pursued the even tenor of his way, making an honest living, able to look every man squarely in the eye. My earnest hope is that he may be spared yet many years of usefulness.

Most of the other of my comrades of those days are in other fields.

Some have passed to the reward eternal. To paraphrase a thought from the brilliant Dawson's tribute to a departed friend, "One by one silently, they have passed from among us. No tumult, no shouting from the field where the 'Dead Reaper' gathers in his sheaves! Like leaves in a vast autumnal forest, they fade, fall, and are wafted away; and the great avenues of thronging life heave and toss as before, unconscious of the change! But in the picture gallery of our past the light falls with soft and peaceful beauty upon their faces."

Thomas Moore expressed the thoughts of a great many of us when he penned "The Light of Other Days." The immutable law of change is stern and hard, and oftentimes seems very cruel. Lights and shadows have played across our pathway, and sometimes the shadows have been deep and heavy. The mother, who was the soul and inspiration of the home and the sunshine of whose life penetrated the recesses of the office, is numbered among the departed, and the earthly part of her now rests in Rosemont. She was all the word mother implies, and higher tribute could not be paid to any woman. And each spring, when the flowers come, they seem to me to bear a message from her, for their loveliness and purity and fragrance are a reminder of her own life.

These memories are sad, but these

tributes are due.

Of the old paper, only the editor and "Hosey" remain. The others have gone. And as the familiar figures pass in review before the mind's eye, when one is reminiscent, and then we wake from dreaming and know that they are gone, we feel as one who has suddenly "found himself in some banquet hall deserted."

Ave, o'd friends, comrades and loved ones; salutamus!

And then, Farewell!

For the Future.

It remains only for me again, as in an article of this tenor some years ago in another anniversary edition, to express the hope that The Herald and News may grow in usefulness to the community and to the state. Since I have known it, and as I have read its files prior to that time, it has sought the path of duty and has striven to follow it. It has labored for the up-building of the community, and has tried to pass by unnoticed the ingratitude of any. It has rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and it has mourned with those that mourned. Its columns have carried the fragrance of the orange blossoms that adorned the brow of the bride, and the fragrance of the roses of remembrance, twined with the immortelle of devotion, that wreathed the tomb. The effort has been to make its policy constructive rather than destructive. It has not feared to print all the legitimate news, because that was its business. At times, in doing its duty as it saw it it has made enemies. That this should have been necessary was a matter of deep regret, but, the necessity apparent, there was no flinching from the task.

That it might grow in strength and in influence for good, conserving the high principles which have been its ideals, is the hope I would express for it; that it may continue ever to realize its great responsibility, and to live up to it, for,

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

And the words of Swinburne might be applied to newspapers as well as to individuals—for in their simple strength and beauty they breathe the message of eternal truth:

"A Creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is of God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of
thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light."

THE IDLER.

(Continued from Page 1.)

as well as the old type of gentleman, sorry to say becoming far too obsolete in this commercial and material age in which we live. Mr. Grenaker could not write anything unkind or harsh. He had no vocabulary for such writing and I think that is the highest compliment that could be paid him. Pity is we have no more of those who possess that high sense of the ideal, because the possession is necessary in order to write it. For it is true as the heart thinketh so the tongue speaketh, and you can't get out what is not within. The ideal of the newspaper editor should be the highest, and he should constantly strive to attain it. The spoken word can not be recalled, but the written word is writ and "all your tears can not wash out a word of it," as some one has truly said, and, therefore, one should be even more careful in the written word than the spoken word. We should remember that a word fitly spoken or written is like apples or gold in pictures of silver. The editor should always bear in mind that he is not only the chronicler of contemporaneous history, but he is also the moulder of sentiment and of public opinion, and that the written word has a silent and a powerful influence, sometimes unconscious, but there all the same, that possibly no other agency exerts. His ideals should be high his sentiments pure and lofty, animosity and malice and hatred and bitter partisanship should have no place in his makeup. This is particularly true and important of the country editor, because his personality goes a long way in the makeup of his paper, and in fact it is the personality of him as much as what he writes, because he is one of his own constituents, known and personally known to all his readers, or practically all of them.

I believe that the present editor has been connected with The Herald and News longer than any of his predecessors, and he still claims to be a young man. It is a great honor to be the editor of a good country newspaper. Sometimes I think there is more honor and more responsibility and a greater field for service and good to the world in such a position than any other field that I know. I mean to the editor who faithfully appreciates the position. He may not get rich, or have much of this world's goods. Very few do. But the best and the greatest life and the most useful life is not that one that accumulates money, but the one that is fullest in service to your fellows. What greater field of service could you imagine than that of the editor of a country newspaper. I read some time ago the Elks' Creed as penned by James Riley Fordon of the New York lodge, No. 1, and I feel that it would be a good creed for the country editor, and I am going to suggest it as the creed for the editor:

"Believe in thyself as well as in others.
Exalted be thine ideas of right.
Be lenient, be true!
"Protect childhood with tenderness,
Woman with chivalry,
Old age with respect.
"Others seek to benefit,
Do good here and now,
Cherish with reverence the
Memory of those who have passed.
"Enjoy the things of the earth,
Keep within thee the glorious
Sunshine of youth, and above all
Remain always of good cheer."

I want to give the following on the newspaper from an address delivered at Chicago by Joseph H. Finn, and with that I close, wishing The Herald and News may go on its usefulness like Tennyson's Brook and grow deeper and firmer in the love and the respect of the people it serves:

"Born of the deep daily need of a nation—I am the Voice of Now—the incarnate spirit of the Times—Monarch of things that are.

"My 'cold type' burns with the fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that girdle the earth. I drink from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no depth, yet I am born again with every morn—with every noon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new world's event.

"Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's-blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on.

"I am Majestic in my Strength—Sublime in my Power—Terrible in my Potentialities—yet as democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny.

"I am the consort of Kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's Comedy and Tragedy.

"My Responsibility is Infinite. I speak and the world stops to listen. I say the word and battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace and the war-lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of Public Opinion. Rightly directed, I am the Creator of Confidence. A builder of happiness in living. I am the Backbone of Commerce. The Trail-Blazer of Prosperity. I am the teacher of Patriotism.

"I am the hands of the clock of Time—the clarion voice of Civilization.

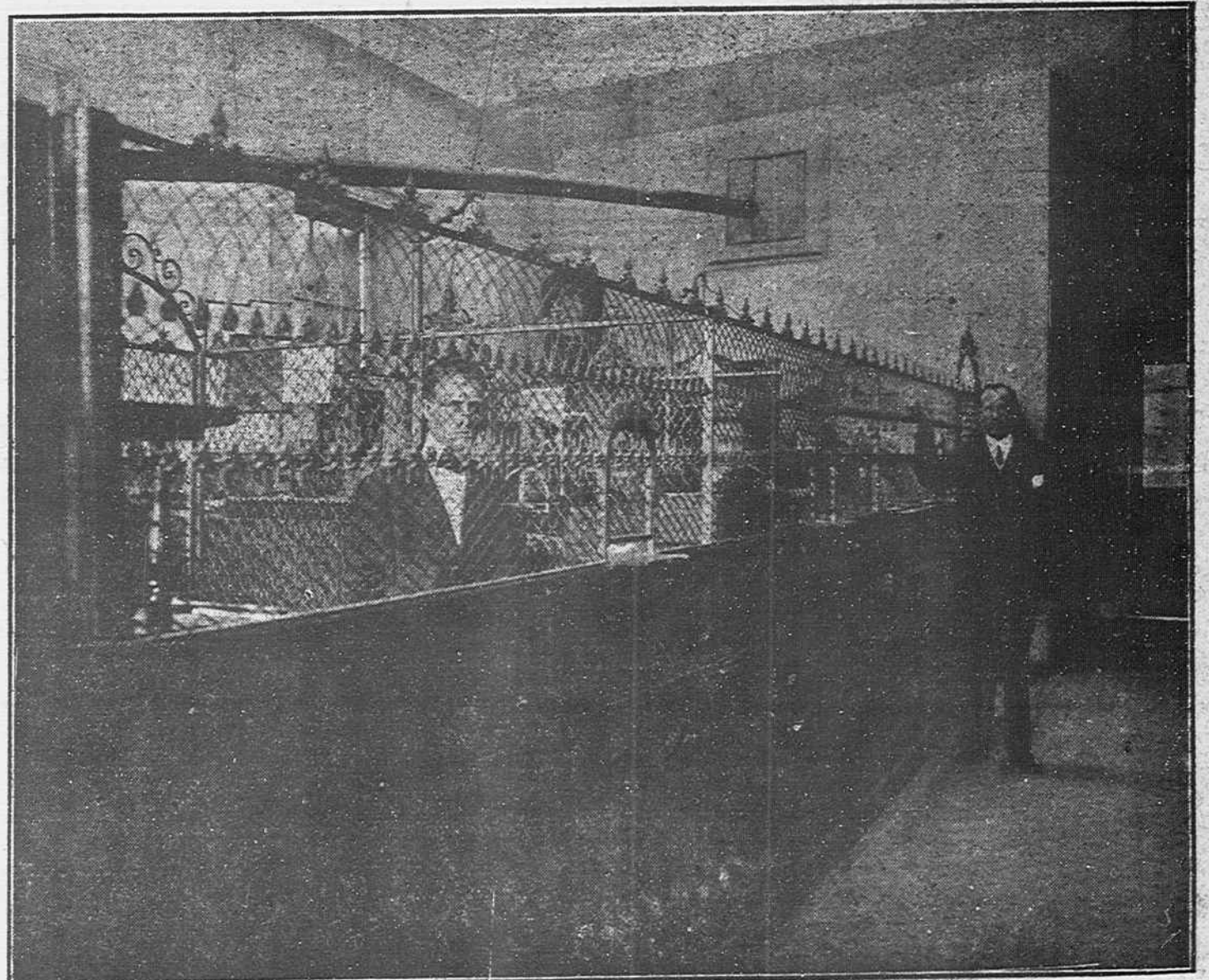
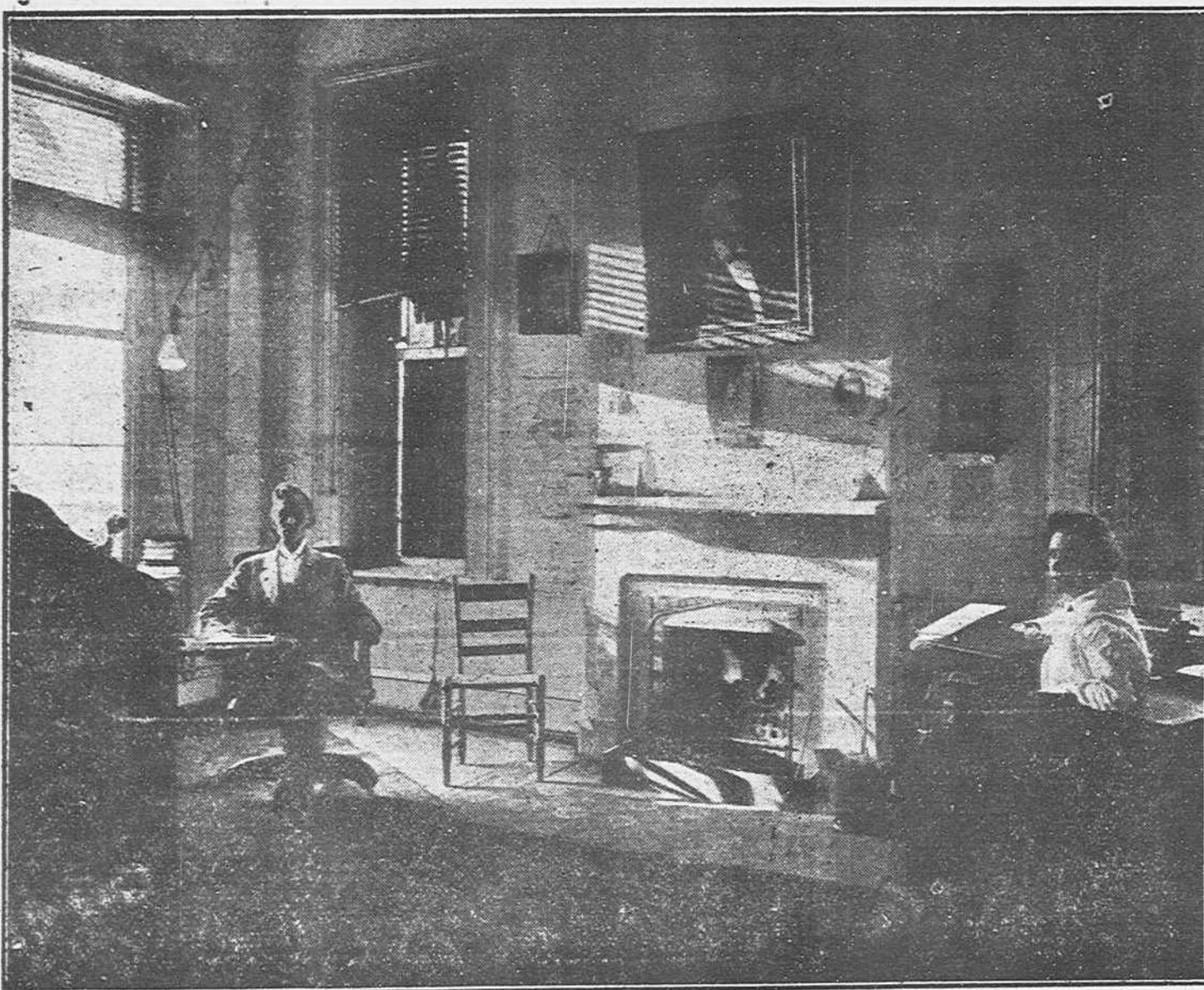
"I am the Newspaper."

THE IDLER.

The man that is a slave to none, none slave to him, can well rejoice.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF NEWBERRY

CAPITAL \$100,000



Established as a National Bank in 1871. Have paid out in dividends over \$600,000.00 in actual cash. Member of the Federal Reserve Bank, and the first bank in this section to handle cotton warehouse receipts, and to loan money on same at 6 per cent annum, direct to the farmer. Being the only National Bank here, and the only bank holding membership in the Federal Reserve Bank System, gives us advantage over others, and we will be pleased to share this with our friends and customers. Prompt and courteous attention given to all business entrusted to us.

B. C. MATTHEWS, President

R. D. SMITH, Cashier

H. T. CANNON, Asst. Cashier

4 PER CENT INTEREST ALLOWED IN SAVINGS DEPARTMENT